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VANITY ON AMINADAB SLEEK.

'Tis now some months since some Blessed Brother of the Soap-Sud denomination favored the world with His Views on Tob. (tobacco, You Know,) in the Harvard Magazine.

Blessed Brother was down on Tob. Couldn't a-bear it. B. B.'s article took. Was republished. Was believed in.

But Truth crushed to earth still flies again, the eternal chance is always hers, while Error wondered dries insane and warbles 'mid her worshippers. We kept our eye on B. B., and having ascertained that it is About Time to say something on his theory that the Unpardonable Sin was that of smoking—well—well——

We are all on the broad road to destruction! We are all going down, down to Perdition—ah! We, Us, and Co., all of us. Clergymen, physicians, editors, authors—everybody, that useth the weed, and counteth not Nicotiana an Unclean Thing, and an Abomination!

O Readers of Vanity Fair! O jolly good Fellows, who have occasionally smiled on us in our endeavors to smooth your brows and tickle your several fancies! O Admirers of The Right Thing! Believers in Glorious Jollity! Our time has come. VANITY gives up, Caves, Abdicates. Our eyes are dim; we toss on our couch all night long; we are dissolved in tears! And why?

Because, unless a Hat-merchant can be instantly engaged to furnish unlimited supplies of tiles, that we may pay up our debts to the *Harvard Magazine*, we shall have to do as J. B. is about to do; we shall have to fabricate our pilgrim's staff, and perambulate our calcareous strata. We shall have to dry up, evaporate and blow away. It can't be stood! The *World* has already exhausted our princely revenues by constantly demanding and obtaining hats of us. But the *World* is nowhere in the tile contest in comparison with the writer in the *Harvard Magazine* for March, 1860:—

"Woe unto him that putteth the meerschaum to his neighbor's (or his own) lips!" And again: "For at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Referring, doubtless, to Stamboul Tob, which has the above-mentioned characteristic.

But, come! Let us take counsel together. Let us weep, and mourn, and lie in sackcloth and ashes? And, that you, O aforesaid jolly good Fellow, may join in our abasement, let us tell you the cause of our complaint.

There is a prophet in "Harvard." He writes for the *Harvard Magazine*. He probably writes more for honor than profit (joke?): but if he keeps on as he has begun, he will find that the profit will far overbalance the honor—profit in hats, we mean. Well, the prophet writes a piece on the "Use of Tobacco." He just knocks tobacco; he completely squashes smokers; he rides roughshod over the prostrate forms of both the raisers and users of the Virginia leaf. He commences by suggesting that statistics should be obtained and published, which should state "how many smokers there are in the University; how many have acquired the habit since entering college; and how many smokers are drinkers," etc. He then remarks:—

"Many a parent, thus enlightened, would keep his bright boy at home, painful as the sacrifice might be, rather than commit him to the rude blasts, and perilous waves of college life; and, standing aghast at the temptations which beset the student, would exclaim, 'Perish the education that can be gotten only *at the risk of the soul!*'"

There. We've gone and done it. We've extracted that paragraph out of the *Harvard Magazine*, and given the article publicity; and are now lying calmly back in our chair, awaiting the thanks of the Editors for purging their issue of March, 1860. Come, boys! don't you really and truly now, feel better for it? But, let us look for ourselves into this paragraph. Observe, that the writer is speaking of the use of Tobacco in college, and cruelly says: "Perish the education which can be gotten only at the risk of losing the soul!"—that is, at the risk of learning to smoke; which is, with him, the same thing. Now that is what I call grand! inspiring!! magnificent!!! sublime!!!! worthy of the Hub!!!!! Likewise, splendid, logical, ah—ah, well, we can't do justice to the subject. O Friends, and Fellow-Smokers! remember, that when you next gently fill the capacious bowl with fragrant Latakia, when lovingly you place your piece of amber between your lips, when you ignite the above fragrant L., and relapse into gorgeous dreams,—Oh! remember that you peril your immortal souls—ah! For they shall gnaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, whar the lion roareth, an' the whang-doodle mourneth for her first-born!"

But, in the next place; the prophet, assuming (and you will perceive as we go on, that he assumes a good deal) that "hazing" in Harvard and all other colleges, is the result of the use of Tobacco, that its use in any form "is studiously concealed from the user's family (!) and becomes public only when it leads to the Violation of Public Order (!!) or the Commission of Violence (!!!), digresses to speak of Robinson Crusoe. Old R. C., You Know, used Tobacco; and not only that, but raised it, and made money on it; and on that account, You Know, wicked R. C. was cast away on a desert island, and condemned to live all by himself, You Know.

Now, with all D. D.—due deference—to the Prophet, the noble Prophet, the glorious champion of glorious old Harvard, we submit that here he has gone too far. He hadn't ought to attack poor old Robinson Crusoe, had he? He ought to have left old R. C. alone. Because all the boys will get Down on Him like ten hundred rectangular, clay building-materials. O Prophet! When you made the remark, that, while alone on the island, old R. C. "might impair the health of his body and the understanding of his mind as much as he liked"—that "his offences against the moral law would be subjective, simply, and not objective"—then, Prophet, you made a fist of it, you put your foot in it, you made a carom on the table-cloth, like that man in the V. F. some three weeks ago—you did! For, let us carry out your principle, and see how it would work. If an offence against the moral law is not objective when the injury done ceases with the injurer himself, and goes no further—whoop!—*you* could go to some sequestered spot (as you will probably do, some day) and drown yourself; and there would be no harm done. You——

* * * * * * * * * *

Interruption in our flow of eloquence, by a chorus of "that's so!" from every member of the corps of VANITY FAIRIES; who, from our Serious Contributor, down to the man who made that joke about Kerosene, have all been looking over our shoulder while we were writing. We were obliged to stop, and engage in a Free Fight, which has lasted twenty minutes. Our Sporting Man, who held out to the last, has just received a tremendous back-hander, and lies gasping upon the floor—the others have long since been squelched. So we return to the Prophet.

We were about to say, Prophet, that according to your theory, you could retire to the privacy of your room, and get into a beastly state of intoxication; and, provided nobody found it out, you had therefore committed no objective offence against the moral law. Mind, we don't say you do so; for we are aware, Prophet, that you belong to the Temperance Society, and think, with our neighbor the *World*, that "it's naughty to drink 'hiskey." We are merely supposing a case. Now also, J. B. who has an old grudge against us, might invite us to his future home, Wheatland, and then and there kidnap us, and imprison us in the whiskey-cellar. If nobody found it out—all right—no offence! Just let J. B. try it, that's all! R. C. might go on innumerable benders, might lie, steal (?) and swear, "until the savages come;" and *then* he must be a model of perfection, moral, if not physical; or else, he might set a bad example to the poor, mild, innocent, creatures, and have them breaking the moral law!

Poor old ROBINSON CRUSOE,
O, Prophet dear, how could you do so?

You made us all think, you had taken to drink,
Ere you wrote so of ROBINSON CRUSOE.
Tink a tink tink.

The Prophet next pitches into Poor Men for smoking, because, says he, they can't afford it. Next, Rich Men (of course including Us,) are blown sky-high, because they ought to, and don't spend the dollar a month, that it costs them for Latakia, in—(well, he don't say what, but we presume it is in) "flannel night-caps and moral pocket-handkerchiefs" for the little heathen children in Booriboola Gha. A good idea, Prophet, we'll think of it.

But hold on. We ain't done yet. Our admiration increases. We have already kicked away the chair in which we sat when we commenced this article, and have taken to the office-stool. Very soon, we shall have to get the whole corps of contributors to hold us down by our coat-tails, lest we should go up like a balloon.

READ THIS!

"Every candid smoker must acknowledge himself to be a public nuisance. In the street he *poisons* the atmosphere for yards behind him—*or at least taints it* with an odor disagreeable to most persons."

"How can a user of tobacco be a Christian? Can a slave be a Christian? No!"

O Jerusha! O thunder *and* dry trees! O— Well, now, who *could* do anything with that? It comes upon us like a thunderbolt. We say to ourselves, "He who smokes is a nuisance." V. F., you smoke; you know you do. You're a nuisance. "He who smokes is a Slave." V. F., you're a Slave. He who smokes cannot be a Christian; because, saith the Prophet, "can a slave be a Christian?" and, fearful then, that the shades of ye ancient Roman Christians, and the many thousands of ye Everlastin' Nigger down South, (such as Uncle TOM, for instance), might reply to the question unfavorably to his views, he answers himself, and says, "no!" How logical, how impressive!

But that's nothing. In a few minutes, he asks us "if it would be pleasant, if within the bounds of possibility, to conceive of SHAKSPEARE with a pipe in his mouth? He compares the successor of HUMBOLDT with a common loafer, and thinks the latter most justifiable in smoking. How delicately, then, does he insinuate the oft-quoted proverb, "He who lies will (be apt to) steal," and deduce therefrom, that he who smokes will be apt to be a drunkard! He does not say, he knows it would be impolite to say, that the probabilities are in favor of the successor of HUMBOLDT, the Pride of Harvard, becoming a drunkard; he merely insinuates the gentle comparison above mentioned, says that he who smokes will be apt to be a drunkard, and leaves us to the necessary conclusion.

By way of recreation, he then indulges for a few pages in ornamental epithets, such as "idolaters," "nuisances," "worse than idolaters," "tyrants," and such pet names; so that we are tempted to think vituperation is hereditary, and that he got his command of abusive words from his godfather.

We pause. We had better; for the united strength of the whole corps of Fairies is scarcely sufficient to hold us down. We are inspired. We long to burst the bonds that keep down our admiration for this truly distinguished youth, and to rise into space, untrammelled by the fetters of flesh; to meet him with a c—— whew! It's of no use. We find ourselves lying on the floor; our worn-out pen firmly grasped in our death-cold hand; our hat off; our shirt torn; and seven office-boys deluging us with buckets of lager; amid a chorus of sobs from the C. C. (corps of contributors, you know). They thought we were gone, and that VANITY FAIR was a Desolation, and a Ruin.

In conclusion, let us lay aside the light and laughing tone in which we have thus far spoken, and do justice to our friends of Harvard University. We know, from association with many of them, that they are gentlemen—that they are high-minded, liberal young men. We know that they despise cant as much as we do. Well, then, boys, let VANITY give you a piece of advice, and do you take it as it is meant, kindly. If the Harvard Magazine is, as it purports to be, "the index of the thoughts and feelings of the students of the University," such stuff as that we have just now attempted to criticise will not help either the University or you, among the people who read it. From the halls of Abolition Meetings we expect denunciation; when a great man dies we expect to see foul slander cast on his silent corpse from the Music Hall; but from good, glorious, revered old Harvard, we expect everything that is gentle, noble and dignified. Therefore, boys, beware of Aminadab Sleeks! You cannot drive them from among you, but you can keep them out of your Magazine. At all events, don't let us have any more Cant.

Parsing.

Why should ORR be a disunionist?

Look in the grammar. Or is always a Disjunctive part of speech.

THE FINE ARTS.

OPINIONS OF "THE UNDERSIGNED."

LONG while it is, O most High and Mighty Joker, since I gave you any of my Opinions, and I don't know that I should do so now, were it not for the opening of the Institute of Fine Arts, in Broadway, the other night, at which, I am happy to say, I assisted.

Of course you have noticed the building—the white marble fellow, with what O'Titian would call Katydids . . . meaning Caratydes . . . in front, and two cupids over the door, with the world between them, like Mr. SPALDING and Mr. MARBLE. Well, in that building are the handsomest picture-galleries in New York . . . three of them; one long, magnificent one, and two small ones. All green-baize walls, and red carpets, and dark woodwork, you know; sofas, light green; glittering rows of gas-jets; splendid frames, and things; and there, in the long gallery, those dear old Düsseldorf pictures that I have known, O, ever-so-long!

Now Mr. DERBY has been and built this Institute all his lone, I believe, and the other night, when Broadway was damp and slippery with the unctuous mud; when the lamps looked haloric through the mist; when

"The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,"

he took and opened it for a Private View.

But, though the weather was "unpropitious," whatever that is, there were many, many of the brave and fair, who congregated in those shining halls. They went to see the pictures. I went to see DERBY. In the two small galleries, the JARVES Collection is hung. Old Masters. High Old Masters. Those curious old fellows with gilt backgrounds, and little black saints and virgins sprawling about on them. What terrible fellows those Old Masters were for virgins, to be sure? Lots of 'em, holding lilies, and apples, and infants, and sceptres, and other things miscellaneously.

A good many of these are gable ends of pictures, peaked at the top, you know, with finials running up at the corners, and mediæval letters around, in spots, on the frames. Many figures with gilt dinner-plates about their heads. Many extraordinary animals in singular positions. Much very inaccessible anatomy and devious coloring.

Still, those old fellows are very quaint and charming. It is a study to trace the little dodges they got from one another, as Art progressed . . . the early dawning of perspective . . . linear first, then ærial. The gradual but severe struggles they had with anatomy, till they became fearfully and wonderfully muscular. Then the abolition of gilding, and the study of Nature . . . let us all go and do the JARVES Collection many times . . . and let me hope, or at all events trust . . . that they are, each and all, Undoubted Originals.

Believe me, Mighty Joker, I had a long and joyous loaf through

MANIFEST DESTINY.

Inventive Swell.—"THERE! IF COLLARS MUST GO, AND IT'S THEIR MANIFEST DESTINY, I SHOULD SAY THAT'S ABOUT THE THING."

To destroy Vermin.

Some statistical person in the West writes that "thirty men have been killed or wounded for life, by thrashing machines in Indiana, during the present season."

Would it not be a great thing for New York if her stepfathers could be prevailed on to procure a number of these Thrashing Machines, for distribution among the various saloons in which our dear friends the rowdies are accustomed to take their little pastime? A forty Benicia-Boy-power machine, for instance, turned on judiciously in a row, would not only make the chaff fly, but the Chaffers too; and if a few dozen of the fraternity happened to get disabled for life by the discipline, why then the rates of life-insurance might safely be reduced, and even politics become respectable.

Agricultural.

There is such a terrible cry going up from the farmers in several of our pastoral districts about the spread of the noxious plant known as the "Canada thistle," that we should not be surprised to hear of some great fraud having been perpetrated on agriculturists by speculators of the wooden-nutmeg persuasion. Such, for instance, as supplying them with "Weed Patent Sewing Machines" where thrashing machines were ordered.

Our Strong Box.

When we read in the money articles of the daily press that "United States Fives have gone down," are we therefore to infer that the BENICIA BOY is at a discount?

The Origin of Drafts.

Thirst for money.

those galleries, with many pauses before mine ancient favorites . . . LESSING's great Huss, with the stereoscopic foreground; the wonderful Wine-Tasters of HASSENCLEVER (the small one); the landscapes of ACHENBACH (where is his splendid stormy sunset, on the seacoast, Mr. DERBY?); the Poacher's Last Shot . . . painful, but truthful too . . . LEUTZE's Image-Breaker (where is the bijou of ANNE BOLEYN and HARRY VIII., by the same artist?); the little old head, ascribed to REMBRANDT, and good enough for him . . . or any other man! . . . the sleepy old couple by the kitchen fire; a bran-new favorite, too, LAUNT THOMPSON's exquisite bas-relief of "MARGUERITE" . . . not GŒTHE's, but TOM ALDRICH's . . . don't you know?

"The merry bells shall ring,
MARGUERITE;
The little birds shall sing,
MARGUERITE,"

(I quote from a bad memory) . . . and several more pictures, some of them much too numerous to mention, including that delicious gusty gallop of CHARLES II. and his men, with the dust and sea-foam flying, and the red light of the wild red sunset on their armor and faces. . .

Goodness gracious, what a long sentence!

Well, after the exhibition there was a charming little supper, which I haven't any room to tell you about; but do you know, VANITAS, it is one of my Opinions that this Fine Art Institute is an excellent thing? Art makes us so splendidly Human, and takes off our ugly corners so well. Mr. DERBY, then, deserves all the gratitude that I can give him, and also the patronage of all nice people who are sufficiently sensible to agree with

THE UNDERSIGNED.

Exactly it.

"It is hardly too much to say that the newspaper press of New York, if so disposed, could break every bank in the city."—*New York Correspondence of the New Orleans Picayune.*

Certainly. And The *Herald*—helped by BROOKS—is doing it every day now in Wall Street.

"A KIND WORD—EVEN FOR THE DEVIL."

A city cotemporary, for whom we have rather more respect than for some of its colleagues, inasmuch as its proclivities are not by any means towards incendiarism and falsehood, manifested, however, a bit of weakness the other day when speaking of brave Judge GOULD, whose raid on the scoundrels made rascaldom tremble as it never did before in New York. In alluding to the sentence of those most notorious sinners ENRIGHT and GORDON, our cotem. says:—

"After disposing of the principal cases, Judge GOULD allotted two years in the State Prison to James ENRIGHT, convicted of ticket swindling, and a year in the Penitentiary to his accomplice, JOHN GORDON. We prefer not discussing the justice of these sentences. Ticket swindling is a very heartless, often cruel, misdemeanor, and should be rigorously punished; we cannot say, however, *what may have been the extenuating circumstances*, in favor of ENRIGHT and GORDON."

Dare say not. Should like to see anybody who could! Extenuating circumstances in favor of ENRIGHT!! Come, come now—this sort of thing, won't do, You Know. Perhaps he *did* leave a Dutch emigrant boarder his shirt once—when there wasn't a chance to take it—or it may be that he even allowed Hans's wife to retain the half of an old comb in her yellow hair. But then that isn't so very extenuating, after all, You Know!

Awful Results!

Perchance the most terrible results of the Secession movement were experienced in the office of our neighbor *The World*, on Tuesday morning, 20th inst. The news there received had such a fearful effect, and produced such a frenzy of consternation, that the following paragraph was the best that could be done by the editors, proprietors, printers, publishers, and office-boy:

"A meeting was called to-night at Adger's Wharf, topresent the well known Capt. Berryofship the Columbia, metto cane, on his arrival, with a gold-headed Palcaptain on leaving New-York harbor hauled down the United States flag, hoisted the Palmetto flag. There is no dange-r of the banks suspending."

"Gold-headed Palcaptain" is rather good. But don't be so frightened, dear *World*; so long as you confine your intelligence to the Fulton street prayer-meeting, all the Palcaptains in the South can't hurt you.

ADVICE FROM PITTSBURGH.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov. 10th, 1860.

EAR VANITY:—We can boast of being the seat of the great Whiskey Insurrection;

Of having the best Old Rye Whiskey in the country;

Of being the Head of Navigation;

Of being the Dirtiest City in America;

Of having polled the largest vote in the State

Of having one Livery turnout, with a very handsome Greek, a Livery, to drive it;

Of many other things too numerous to mention;

And of making better use of one of our public institutions, viz: the JAIL, than any other city in the Union.

Now, for fear our public officers may go astray, we sometimes (to use a Shakespearian term.)

Jug them.

Thus, a few years ago, our worthy Mayor sent the whole Council to jail; a short time after, the Judge sent our worthy Mayor to jail; and now, O VANITY! the Supreme Court, at the instigation of some wicked men in the Quaker City of Philadelphia, have sent our good and beloved County Commissioners to our JAIL, and there they now are, and will be, O VANITY! until, what?—why, until the interest is paid on certain bonds held by these wicked men in the Philadelphia spoken of. Now, DEAR VANITY, you must know that we, the People, have repudiated those bonds. (But do not for a moment think we owe debts, for *we are all honorable men.*) But this, You Know, is only a County debt, and of course those guardians of orphan children, and those widows who bought them for a second investment, ought to have known better; don't you think so? But our beloved Commissioners now form the aristocracy of our JAIL—they have, in fact, given it an air of respectability; the late Superintendent of the House of Refuge is boarding there—it became necessary to restrain him, you Know, in his ambitious system of educating the susceptible females committed to his care. And to show you the politics of our Jail, on election day a vote was cast in our Jail, and the Little Giant was elected President by a majority of two.

But, O VANITY! we have our grievances, as I will show you. We are a great and enthusiastic people in Pittsburgh. We are. We are some on Receptions—in fact, one great man observed after his reception here, that there were more Enthusiastic Fou's in Pittsburgh, than any place he was ever in. From KOSSUTH's time down we have been *loud* on Receptions; and only lately, when BARNEY RENFREW passed through here, we gave him a Galorious Reception through mud and dirt. And our Republican Friends expected to have the pleasure of receiving J. G. BENNETT in Style,—when, lo! the papers announced that JOHN C. HEENAN, Esq., and suite, would arrive here on a certain day and give our citizens an illustration of the manly art of self-defence. And now, list to our grievances:—First our worthy Mayor refused to license the great J. C. H. for an exhibition, forgetting that, as the great Poet observes, "of all the Arts, the Manly Art the greatest of all Arts is." O Moral City! that licenses ten-cent shows, and cars to run on Sunday. O Dirty City! of Coal Smoke, and Good Whiskey and Ceteroras.

Well, on the great 16th of November the mighty Champion of the World, etc., with his suite, arrived, and it was evident from the Magnesia Boy's (so called from his magn-ificently-easy) manner, that he expected a Reception. But, dare I tell you, O VANITY! there was nary Reception; no carriage-and-four; no drum and fife, with soul-stirring music; no Committee of Reception, with speech written out; no fair ladies at windows waving rags, etc. O for the pen of a wax-work showman, to depict my feelings when I have to write you this! To think that so glorious a city, one that has so much to boast of,—one that opens her Council meetings with prayer, and sends her Councilmen to Jail—should allow the Champion of the World to pass through and give him no Reception! Why, when our Commissioners arrived here in the hands of the Sheriff, consigned to Jail, there was the best carriage-and-four in the city, music, and lots of people, etc., waiting to show them that we are a Receiving People; but, alas! our glory has departed. In this trying hour, O VANITY! we look to you for advice, hoping you may be able to suggest something that may enable us to partially retrieve our character.

S.

In order to explain more fully the Mysteries of Pittsburgh to all non-Pittsburghing readers, we give the following document, cut from some Pittsburgh paper—whose name we would be most happy to give did we know what it is. WE always give credit, WE do. Stealers of ARTEMUS WARD's and other copyrighted articles please notice:

JAIL OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY—ANTI-TAX COUNTY CONVENTION.

The undersigned, County Commissioners, are now in prison for refusing to obey the Supreme Court in their attempts to compel your officers to do an act which we consider unjust to those who placed us in power. We, therefore, appeal to the people to instruct us in the duty devolving, as we are ready and willing to abide by whatever decision the majority may deem right and proper.

The Supreme Court, now in session, has issued a peremptory mandamus, authorizing your chosen officers to levy a tax to pay interest on $150,000 of stock, said to be subscribed to the Chartiers Valley Railroad Company. We invite the special attention of the tax-payers to this, as well as other matters that pertain to your immediate interest, considering that as all power emanates directly from the people themselves, we hold ourselves in readiness to submit to such, and none others.

Therefore, we call on all taxable citizens to assemble in their respective districts on SATURDAY, the 24th DAY OF NOVEMBER, and elect four Delegates to meet in Convention on WEDNESDAY, the 28th inst., at the Court House, at 10 o'clock. Meetings to be held at the usual hours and places of meeting.

Z. PATTERSON,
J. BRAUFF.

We concur in the call of the Convention.

GEORGE HAMILTON,
JOHN H. M'ELHINNY,
Ex-Commissioners.

Pittsburgh, November 14, 1860.

Happy, happy, noble, beautiful, extensive Pittsburgh!
Splendid Pittsburgh!
Bricky Pittsburgh!
Loud Pittsburgh!
Stunning Pittsburgh!
Holy Pittsburgh!

Blessed among cities art thou—For thou stickest thy Councilmen in Jail for refusing to raise taxes!!!

Is this a Dream?

Oh —— —— Golly!

Fancy Boole and the rest of the Blackguards, refusing to raise any given amount of money!!!

Whew!!

But oh—fancy them locked up! Jugged!! Entombed!!!

Would'nt it be Nice?

Don't talk to us about Provincial towns after this. We distinctly say, Don't. Pittsburgh is ahead of the Metaropolis just about 90 points and a nigger supper. It is.

Jubilate!

In the present inflammable state—or States—of the South, how much comfort is to be derived from the assurance that the cotton-plant does not charge its Pistils with Gun-cotton!

The Latest Style of Jersey Congressmen.

Peristyle

NOB-ISM.

Nob. (loq.) "WALT-AW MY BOY, I HAVE FAW-TEEN PA-AHS OF PANTALOONS: SEVEN PAIRS WITH STWIPES WUNNING UP AND DOWN, AND SEVEN PA-AHS WITH THE STWIPES WUNNING CWOSSWAYS.

THE WAR IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

CASTORBENE, NOV. 6.

Dear Vanity,—The battle of Farobanc has taken place.

I did not fall.

Farobanc did.

But not without a determined resistance. The engagement lasted three days. The figures, as reported by us, are thus:

Enemy killed,	30,000
" wounded,	80,000
Our forces killed,	2
" " wounded,	5

Naturally enough, the estimate made by the enemy is somewhat at variance with this. They report:

Killed, on their side,	2
Wounded " " "	5
Killed " our "	30,000
Wounded " " "	80,000

The actual truth is probably somewhere between the two.

Of the sufferers on our side, I am pained . . . physically as well as mentally . . . to say I am one. I have lost my other arm.

It is, therefore, with the greatest difficulty that I write these words. But I do not care. My General has bestowed upon me the cross and order of the Sandingabobs, and the decoration of the Knights of Ram-ram Chowder.

The morning of the 30th of October broke fair. GARIBALDI came to my tent.

"You are brave," said he; "and I want a diagram of the fortifications of Farobanc. Go and sketch them."

I went. Long rows of guns frowned upon me from the walls, but I frowned back again. I ascended the parapets, ran the sentinels through, took out my drawing materials, and began.

Very soon the enemy discovered me, and the bullets began to fall about me like hail.

Presently a thirty-two pound shot carried away my india-rubber. A captain of cavalry appeared over the edge of the parapet. I caricatured him. His wrath was aroused. He called his men to follow him to (their) victory or (my) death. They came on, pell-mell, shouting like demons. It was like a Sixth Ward political meeting.

I formed a hollow square, and retreated, valiantly.

They followed as far as the piquet-guard of our camp, whom they surprised at the favorite game of the guard . . . piquet, of course.

I alarmed our forces. A desperate skirmish ensued, and the cavalry were not only repulsed with great loss, but I secured another caricature of the captain.

I enclose you the two caricatures. The likeness is pronounced perfect:

We followed this company to the walls, marshalling our men in perfect order.

The battle of Farobanc began!

The rattle of musketry, the clash of pistols, the boom of the tumbrils and the sharp crack of the pontoons, made a noise like that of Pandemonium.

Armed with nothing but a culverin, I threw myself into the thickest of the fray, hand-in-hand with GARIBALDI, who led, according to his custom, his favorite battalion, the Arabian Knights.

As we neared the walls of the town a fizzling noise underfoot made me start with alarm. . .

We were upon a mine!

Quick as thought I let go the General's hand, and getting on my knees, held the ground down until the army had all passed over in safety!

Then the mine exploded.

The earthworks were literally thrown up. Of course, I went with them.

The explosion carried me high into the air, and when I descended it was through the roof of the hospital of the city. A surgeon, there, was just about to amputate the arm of a soldier who had been brought in. The patient, frightened by the crash of my fall, hastily left his seat, and I fell into it. The surgeon, noticing nothing of the change, amputated my remaining arm before I could think of the Italian words necessary to an explanation.

At the same moment our soldiers entered, in search of pillage, and I learned that the place was taken. *Vive la Liberté!*

GARIBALDI and VICTOR EMANUEL have just been in to see me.

"The bravest man in my army," said the Dictator to the King, jerking his thumb toward me over his shoulder.

"He seems quite 'armless," said the King.

VICTOR EMANUEL learned English in London.

We are now encamped at Castorbene for relaxation. There will be more fighting anon, of which you shall hear.

MC ARONI.

"LO HERE! THE GENTLE LARK."

On account of General SANDFORD, who Accumulated the Prince of Wales and his courtiers all to himself on reception day, many expedients for beguiling the "long, long weary day," were naturally resorted to by the melancholy watchers at Broadway windows. Among other festive pastimes peculiar to the occasion, might have been observed the remarkably light and airy one of discharging feather-beds from elevated chambers, upon the deserted multitude below. Out of this rose a case called up, a day or two since, in the Marine Court—a Pillow Case, in fact. The *Tribune* reporter, in his account of the matter, says that several young men, "by way of a lark after some refreshments, took the pillows from the bed, and taking out feathers threw them below on the crowd," whereupon the crowd objected, and had the festive young men secured.

From the above it appears that "a lark after some refreshments," is a dangerous bird to play with—particularly the skylark, we suppose, as that bird is notorious for getting elevated, and dreadfully addicted to the Morning Call. But why the Marine Court? What could have brought a lark there, and feathers, and pillows? Gulls, indeed, in the Marine Court we might expect to meet, but larks never. Tar, certainly in the Marine Court, but not feathers; and pillows in that anomalous institution only where the parties to the action are all Dutch, and pronounce pillow, *billow*.

A STRIKING EFFECT.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ESTABLISHES HIMSELF AMONG THE LIONS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS TO THE WEST OF CENTRAL PARK, WHERE, IF HE DOESN'T LEARN SOMETHING, IT ISN'T LIKELY TO BE FOR WANT OF AXING.

A WORD FOR THE WOMEN.

Some wiseacre, writing about the Woman's Library in New York, delivers himself after this fashion:

"The collection is of a very popular character, and is designed for miscellaneous readers, but we hope the time is not far distant when the women of New York will become scholars, and find in their improved library all the intellectual resources which they require."

VANITY FAIR regards this as stuff. Establishing Libraries for women, forsooth? Why not have churches for women; and operas for women; and theatres for women; of special gates through which the dear creatures can enter Heaven? The N. F. enters a solemn protest against cloistering the women in any dingy Library-room, or separating them from the rest of the human-kind in harems or anything of that disagreeable sort. "Improve their intellectual resources," quotha! Admit 'em to some sort of decent equality with the men-folks, talk about business with them, and look upon 'em as something better than plaything if you want to see evidences of "intellectual" improvement. VANITY believes that women are quite as capable of turning the Astor to good account as any of the gentlemen who there congregate.

Good.

At the pretty little village of Altona, (Pa.,) where there is one of the best railway hotels *in the kingdom*, the Prince's party were to have stopped for dinner.—*Special Correspondent of the London Times.*

Editor of VANITY FAIR: Will you be kind enough to inform the Special of the *Times*, that we, as yet, live under a Republican form of Government in the Old Keystone State.

Yours, BROWN.

A Dry Goods View of the Cas

Because we hear of the fall of Stocks, that is no reason why we should fear for the Ties of the Union.

THE LONE STAR OF THE PALMETTO FLAG, TO THE SECESSION LEADERS.

I.

O why, good friends, remove me from my brothers—
The thirty who around me clustered were?
Why rudely sever me from all the others
That sparkled with me in the sunny air?
Perhaps you may be right enough, but then,
I'm very, very lonesome, Gentlemen!

II.

I miss the cheery stripes of white and crimson,
That when I shone, shone proudly with me too,
For General GEORGE P. MORRIS to make hymns on—
The Red and White have gone, and left me Blue!
'Tis wrong that we should be coërced, but then,
I am so very lonesome, Gentlemen!

III.

How can you be triumphant and victorious,
When your brave soldiers and your gallant tars
Fight underneath a Single Star inglorious?
How can you make your enemies See Stars?
O, when my brethren shine in fight again,
Let them Count Me In, too, good Gentlemen!

Counted in on That.

The *Herald* says: "We can count a thousand political lies uttered within a month."

Undoubtedly, but cannot most of them be nailed to the counter?

The Fatal Nine.

Strychnine.

BOTHERED.

J. B.—An' is it North or South I'd be afther goin'? Faith! but its in a dilemmy I am.

THE SCHOOL-VAMPYRE.

I.

Let us remember
This Fourth of December,
Which Union, the South are in hopes to dismember,
Not to be such invincible fools
As to put into office any more BOOLES;
We've got a duty to do to-day
No matter what lazy people may say:—
And talking of fools
Makes me think of schools,
And that—of the fact that we've got to elect
People whose duty is, not to neglect
The little ideas that timidly shoot
In the laudable, honorable, worthy pursuit
Of knowledge of men, and women, and things,
And all the delight such knowledge brings.
We've got to elect them; we've done that before,
And many a sorrow is laid to our door.

II.

What do we think when we send our girls
MARY and FANNY with flaxen curls
To school, and tell them every day
To be sure and mind what their teachers say,
Do we know what we're doing? sending them out
To learn of some ignorant brutal lout,
Or worse, far worse, their lives to begin
Beside some woman soiled with sin.

III.

Or perhaps a sister pure in youth,
A scorner of wrong and a lover of truth,
Necessity—driven with ignorant trust
Surrenders her will to a terrible "MUST,"
And day after day, with book and rod
Seeks to develop the image of God.

IV.

From faces and forms in every stage
Of life's progression from youth to age,
And each degree of wrong and right;—
From darkened souls, that rays of light
Have never pierced; from callous hearts,
And cunning heads with devilish arts;
From all that is good, and all that is bad:
While we are rejoicing—only too glad
At the great success our sister had
In getting a good position in school!

V.

Oh! fool!
Do you see the men who manage the school?
The *School-Commissioners?*—Sounding name—
Let's count them over with jealous care
And see who the *School-Commissioners* are:

VI.

There's ONE—he's a loafer; there's TWO—a thief;
And THREE—why he drinks beyond relief;
FOUR is a character blasted in shame,
That blisters the tongue that names its name;
Famous in bowling-alley and bar;
Pot-House politicians they are;—
And these are the men with whom you leave
The power to lie, to kill and deceive.

VII.

But worse than these
Are the School Trustees.
Oh! would you trust
In the demon of lust?
Would you hope to find
A noble mind
In a murderer, pirate, or mighty thief?
Why then it passes all belief
How you can send such men as these,
To rule your Schools—*and call them Trustees!*

VIII.

Of women who slowly, but surely fall;
Who must either surrender, or go to the wall;
Of children ruined in body and mind,
Thousands of cases I can find;
But common sense no evidence needs,
For it sees them falling like stricken weeds;
And a system of grand and great intent
By villainous minds is tortured and bent,
Till *ignorance*, *vice*, and *treachery* rule,
Through all the city, in every school.

IX.

Then stand on your guard as Americans can,
And sift out the wretches, man by man;—
Of the alien host who beg as they stand
And lie as they beg on every hand,
Beware! Beware! for your children's good,
And hurl aside the howling brood;
Take your men from those who have something at stake,
From *fathers* and *brothers* your *Trustees* make,
And so shall love and purity rule
And chase the Vampyre out of the School,

ADVICE TO A FOOL.

To the Fool I would say, Beware!

This disgust with your condition, and the wish to change it for a wiser, indicates a morbid condition of your mind. Paradoxical as it may seem, you prove yourself a Fool by wanting to be something else.

You are a Fool. Excuse me,—I do not call you so reproachfully, but mention it as a fact you cannot but admit. Unsatisfied with this title, do you wish it dignified with a profane epithet. For you behave like a Fool in bemoaning yourself, crying "O why am I a Fool! Oh! Heavings, I wish I were a Punster!"

Deluded Individual! To be a good Fool, you have found easy and natural; as a Fool, or Foo Foo, you have no superior. But the Punster is another style of man. What a bad Punster was SHAKESPEARE, who in ROMEO and JULIET makes eight puns on a single vowel, without even introducing a dipthong. Had the Bard of Avon written for VANITY FAIR, such favors must have been firmly, but respectfully declined. Yet you rush in, where he might fear to tread.

I will not deny that it is bad to be a Fool; in business matters 'tis a painful inconvenience. But in all other respects, it is preferable to the condition of the Sage.

The wise man expected to be funny, perpetually disappoints. When BEECHER, the Religious Humorist, says his prayers, the delighted congregation uplifts its eyes, and listens for the jokes; if he leaves them out, he cannot compensate by putting Piety in.

How different with the Fool! Of a Stupid nothing is expected but stupidity—your supply is always equal to the demand. Are not you the man that is expected to upset the gravy at dinner? and do you ever fail?

In numberless instances you gratify expectation. Swinging your cane along the street, you put out a lady's eye; a baby is given you to hold, you drop it, and run to a fire; you whistle at the opera and hum the airs as they are sung; thou art the man who, when PATTI is called before the curtain, cries out "Speech!" you go to bed with spurs on; sometimes you play the Accordeon or Trumpet under the bed-clothes at night, so as not to disturb the neighbors; at dinner you want to borrow a tooth-pick; while the bridegroom stands before the altar, you ask him for a "chaw of tobacco;" you eat pea-nuts at a funeral, and ask the bereaved husband "what sort of a woman was his wife;" you whoop in a man's ear, he turns round indignantly, and you sneeze in his face; in short, you play the devil generally with impunity. People say "He is a Fool!" Nothing more *can* be said. But were a wiser man to do one of these things which you do daily—Heaven help him! for he could not help himself.

Yet you would resign these privileges of folly! You would deprive yourself of almost all society, for in this world, unless we associate with Fools, we are apt to live like hermits. I begin to think now that you are not a Fool, but an Idiot. You have now a chance of rising in the world; you are now eligible to the offices of Alderman or Congressman; you may even become a Preacher.

Stick to it, Fool! You have the best of it. We wise ones would be Fools ourselves, only that you would detect the imposture. Besides, the good of literature requires some Fools for else VANITY FAIR would no longer have an inexhaustible subject.

Douglas Sub Jugo.

S. A. D. had an Ovation at Montgomery, Alabama, the other day. Our chemical joker says his symbol is, H. S. D.

BOSTON AGAIN.

Boston, November 17, 1860.

O! my friend Mr. Fair.—I was *so* delighted when I saw that you had printed the names of the books which I saw in the Athenæum, that I could not help sitting right down to tell you of my pleasure. You see I am a poor lone spinster to be sure, but I think I am not too old to be useful; and now I don't care if they do laugh at me, I am sure *you* appreciate me. By-the-way, how did you find out my name? I miss

ed one of my curl-papers the next morning, di

it really have my name on it? You must have found me out

at way, for I was christened REBECCA MACLEAN, but Miss SHAR

always calls me BECKY MACLEAN, and it must have been her

ote that I used under the seal of my envelope. But Mr. FAIR

our printer man did not get my name right, and you ought to s

ak to him. You ought to know Miss SHARP, she's so bright—she

me in yesterday when I was reading the *Courier*, and says she "

CKY, lend me the Daily,"—you know that is Mr. HALE's paper;

d says I, "It's not the *Advertiser*, it's the *Courier*." "Oh, y

!" says she, the "Animadvertiser." Wasn't that Real Good?

Well, Miss SHARP says that her nephew, you

Mr. SPRIGGINS (he married 'TILDA JANE SMITHERS last April,

d *I* think they ought to have been married on the First,) came

her to-day and began to cry, and she asked what the matter w

, and he sighed and gave her this paper, and do you think—It V

s All Poetry. I got her to leave it and I copied it for you. Oh,

ear! how young people *do* run on. To think of his losing his m

ney and abusing 'TILDA, and all the time he didn't know if it w

ld be a boy or a girl, and nothing ready, you know, but 'TILDA I

ppose will make it up. *I* wouldn't, but these girls always giv

up when a man cries or begs them to do anything. Well this p

er you see is,

SPRIGGINS'S LAMENT FOR BURLINGA IE.

MATILDA JANE and I were spliced
One pleasant day last spring;
I took a modest little house,
Her Ma pronounced "the thing."
I spent my evenings all at home
Attendant on my wife;
My means, though rather limited,
Still got me on in life.

One night this fall, that wretch TOM J ES
Persuaded me to go
To see one of those lantern Clubs,
The Wide Awakes, you know.
I went, the Devil pushed me on;
I went, I joined the force;
I meant to be "fine member" then,
And not to serve, of course.

Ambition seized me; I became
Lieutenant, Captain, Colonel,
Forsook my wife, got drunk,—by Jov
My conduct was infernal!
I sounded all my friends, and if
I found one "on the fence,"
I tried persuasion, reason, praise,
In short—my influence.

And then I'd brag, and if they laughed,
I'd offer any odds,
"I'll bet that Burlingame goes in—
'Tis certain, by the Gods!
There's Chelsea, Cambridge, Nigger Hill—
He's North End's favorite son—
He's got it sure,"—*I hadn't heard*
From Doherty's "Ward One."

Well, well, election's past and gone,
And now my friends drop in,
With knowing smiles upon each phiz,
And hints of ready "tin."
By Jove! the money that I meant
Should buy MATILDA'S hat,
I paid to-day to ROBINSON—
I owe SMITH more than that!

My clothes are getting seedy, too,
But yet my overcoat
Will take the air on MURPHY'S back,
The man I hired to vote.
TOM JONES will wear my winter boots—
They're RICE'S "Alligator"—
I lost my hat—with something more—
To a curbstone Speculator.

And then the suppers I must eat,
And pay the reckoning after,
The heavy jokes at my expense,
The necessary laughter,
The face serene I'll have to wear,
When all kind friends remark,
"I hear your bets have cleaned you out,
You're paying for your lark!"

MATILDA JANE, MATILDA JANE!
I know I've been an ass.
If you'll forgive me, I'll reform—
I'll never touch a glass.
I'll give away my cape and torch,
My punch-bowl and the ladle,
And if I'm Wide Awake o' nights,
Why make me rock the cradle.

There Mr. FAIR, isn't it awful? Were your parents religious, or why did they give you a Scriptural name, VANITY? I had a sister PATIENCE once, and old Mrs. CLAPP, cousin to the grandfather of the Gazette, called her children CHARITY, DESIDERED, and PRESERVED. Were you from the C pe? Excuse my writing, but it does me good, and if you print t ese I want you to send me a gold eye-glass, because I am not old enough to wear spectacles, and my eyes I think, are getting weak.

Yours respectfully,
BECKY MACLEAN.

To Pulpit Polichinellos.

The time having arrived when humorous exposition of theology cannot be regarded as a joke, it is incumbent upon us, professionally, to aid our young and pleasant clergymen who have taken up that line of business, in their endeavors to shine. We have observed, with regret, the thin texture of a good deal of that bland beverage run off from our pulpit vats under the name of wit. An average pulpit pun bears about as much resemblance to the genuine article, as buttermilk and ashes might to *Clos Vougeot*. A church joke is about as poor a concern as the proverbial church mouse. A shaft of satire from the same quarter is generally about as heavy as an omnibus-pole and not half so likely to stick. What are we to think, for example, of the Sportive Young Man in a black body and white neck who smilingly propounded from his pulpit, a couple of Sundays ago, that "'Form in religious observance was one thing, Re-form another"?—or of one who was obliged to conceal his hilarious tendencies with a cambric pocket-handkerchief, after wafting the sentiment, "O how becoming is grace! O that grace may be coming!" Now to those aspiring young persons we say, in all kindness, "no more of that." Come to us for your jokes, if you must make them. We have a large batch of rejected pleasantries quite at your service, and really think that your orthodoxy would not be less palatable to your congregation than it is at present, were you to deck it up with an occasional bouquet from us. How much better, for instance, than the vapid quips above quoted, would the following, (drawn at random from our balaam-basket,) sound from your pulpit: "He who lives Fast will probably die Tight." That's your sort!

NOTHING LIKE STYLE.

Æsthetic Undertaker.—"NOW, MRS. VAN DYDUN, CAN YOU GIVE ME ANY IDEA AS TO THE STYLE OF THIS YOUNG LADY WHO HAS JUST DIED FROM YOUR HOUSE. YOU SEE, MARM, IF IT HAD BEEN YOU THAT WAS DEAD—OR YOUR HUSBAND—OR THE CHILD NOW, I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN EXACTLY WHAT TO DO. I KNOW YOUR STYLE EXACTLY.

Dr. Cahill's Last.

The prettiest bull that has been exhibited since the last Agricultural Show is that of the Reverend Dr. Cahill. It was trotted out in one of the learned Doctor's recent screeds about this country, addressed to "the People of Ireland." Hear the bull roar:—

"From Erie I passed on to Dunkirk, forty miles Here, too, as in all the cities along the Lake, the railroad has carried away the small trade of the Lake navigation; and *unless men of capital* and enterprise *come to the rescue of these growing cities*, their present drooping condition must very soon end in comparative ruin."

HANDY ANDY couldn't have done better than that. A growing city going to ruin in consequence of its drooping condition, is even a little ahead of CAHILL'S average. Try again, Doctor!

"What Is It?"

The *Irish News*, the other day, had a biography of WOLFE TONE, in which occurred this reference to France:—

"That reprobate of nations was now *in all her fortitudes*. The Convention, accepting the challenge of the crowned heads, had offered *its flaming fraternity*, in the manner of a torch," etc.

Can anybody tell what that means? France "in all her fortitudes" is good. "Its flaming fraternity" possibly alludes to the Burning Brotherhood of ribbon-pullers and fire-breathers—otherwise known as jugglers—of which France was desirous of being rid, You Know.

Sentiment by a Political Poet.

Once, our Statesmen clustered around the Liberty Tree; now, our Politicians only take to the Stump.

HINTS FOR NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SPONGE.

According to Webster, "it is generally supposed to be of animal origin, and found adhering to rocks," for which it seems to have an instinctive affection, but their common diaphragm separates them, and prevents each from invading the precincts of the other: insomuch that the naturalist has never detected a trace of "rocks" in the composition of the sponge. "It is so porous as to imbibe great quantities of water;"—but stop! gentle reader, let us prevent, if we can, the enemies of the great lexicographer from seizing on this egregious error as testimony against his accuracy. With the facilities Mr. Webster could command when preparing his dictionary, apart from the well-known habits of this bird from the time it had a free ticket to the third tier of the Ark, it is but fair to conclude that that definition contains in it a typographical omission. Who, that has the least acquaintance with Natural History, ever heard of a "Sponge" imbibing its water without weakening it with some irrigating diluent—ye whiskey or ye brandy! We give this hint gratis to the editors of the next edition of Webster: peradventure we are in want of a copy.

There are lower species of this genus which are shockingly shabby as a general thing in their plumage; but at present I treat only of the "Sponge" of the first order—*Spongestes Swell-um*. It has a long bill (at the tailor's,) and holds to the maxim, "Fine feathers make fine birds." "It is of a fibrous, reticulated substance covered by a gelatinous matter" called by the unscientific—"soft sodder!" Though the Sponge be "rung out" before or after a period of saturation, it will be impossible to detect the slightest ring of the true metal: albeit, it is of a social turn, and may be seen nightly holding converse with *aves* of a different order; most commonly, however, with *owls*. It is inferred that "it's" mellifluous warblings (it sometimes sings,—occasionally whistles) have a charm for the less gifted birds of night; who allow it to eat of their "feed," drink of their drinks, then send it to its nest—satisfied. The opinion entertained by eminent naturalists is based most probably on its habits nocturnal, that—*in the social fabric, every sponge is a hole, and a hole that lasts longer than a patch*. It is not unusual for this bird to endeavor to be useful at some one period of its life, and it associates with it one of its kind. The eggs of repentance are talked over and laid, and the two together launch into a kind of labor consonant with their self-constituted respectability. It is not unfrequently the wine and liquor business; and the period of incubation lasts sometimes six months, sometimes a trifle longer. At the full tide of their supposed success, when their very numerous acquaintances are most happy to see they are doing well, and think there is some good in them yet—crack! go the eggs, and the sponge resumes the habits contracted in its earlier days.

A Bostonian's Idea of a New York Man.

Dear Vanity,—A few days since, being in the Trimountain city, and walking up one of their crooked, narrow streets, I saw the doors of a negro chapel open; so, I stopped at the door and listened a few moments to the harangue of the preacher. At length, a grave, elderly, respectable looking negro came to the steps, and civilly asked me if I would like to walk in and take a seat. I declined; but, willing to please him, said something in favor of the preacher. My colored friend looked grave and doubtful, and said,

"He is a good man—a good man."

"Oh! but it seems to me he's something more than that. He appears to be laying down the law pretty well."

"He's *good* man. He's not a man of talent;—a New York man."

WAFFLES.

A Grope in the Dark.

Feeling in Wall street.

A PUSS IN BOOTS.

PECULIARLY conspicuous in GARIBALDI'S camp at Naples is a certain Countess DI LA TORRE, who wears boots and spurs, the garment usually associated with boots and spurs, and attributes of a masculine tendency in general. The reckless disposition of this young woman is curiously characterized by a writer from the camp, as "courage and coolness"—a definition which he illustrates by the following instances:

"In the battle of the 1st instant a shell fell near her, and those near by, thinking, as most persons do at such times, that 'discretion is the better part of valor,' fell upon their faces awaiting its bursting, but the countess, following the example of the great FREDERICK under similar circumstances, stood with her arms folded, and when it exploded she uttered the most fierce reproaches to those who cowered."

We would not go mousing with this amiable young Puss in Boots upon any consideration; because, although a shell could never be so ungallant as to blow up a handsome brunette, who is a Countess to boot—and booted at that—it would be a most certain to impart special fits to any mere male person who might be disrespectful enough to stand in its presence. Of course the next time a shell walked into the GARIBALDIAN camp, everybody ran up and executed a frantic dance around it, rather than incur the "fierce reproaches" of the somewhat exacting little Countess. But this would be a disastrous proceeding in the end; and, on the whole, we think it more conducive to the health of an army to lie down than to stand up when there are shells around—or, in other words, to live rather than to die. We are not informed where the Count belonging to this charming Countess is to be found when the battle rages; but suppose that in cases of shelling he is either looked upon as of no account, or else desires to be counted out altogether.

SOUND LOGIC, MY MASTERS!

In the Court of Special Sessions the other day, one TIMOTHY FLANNIGAN (whom we should judge to be of French origin from his name) was arrested on the charge of stealing an umbrella. From a report of the proceedings we derive the following items, which will, we think, be found of interest:

"The question arose between the magistrates as to whether the taking of an umbrella on a rainy day should be considered larceny. The prisoner was asked if it rained when he took it, and he said it did. Under the circumstances the prisoner was discharged."

If this report be true, and we have no reason to doubt its authenticity, the Court of Special Sessions must be rather a "Big Thing." VANITY FAIR is altogether too prosperous to be in any immediate danger of impecuniosity, but in case we ever should get on a rock, you may depend that we will go out at once and relieve some wealthy individual of his wallet. There won't be the slightest danger in so doing. A small bribe to the policeman will ensure our case coming before the Court of Special Sessions, and once there, the sapient magistrates will discharge us without delay on the ground that we had no money at the time of picking the wealthy individual's pocket.

Won't that be nice?

GOT THE SACK.

We desire to take this opportunity to confide to the Public a fact: that is to say, a—well, A Fact! We have determined finally to become P. M. Not Postmaster. By no means. We have a soul above extra blue stamps, double-rates, *and cetera*. We have concluded to be P. M. (Prodigiously Magnanimous, you know.) We wish in all things to be upright;—indeed if we say uprighteous we do not overrate our meaning. In short, the perpendicularity of our prospective intentions is equalled only by the horizontitude of our Benevolence, whose end is incalculably dispropinquous. (Now, then, Public, how do you like this article as far as you have got? Good style, isn't it?)

To seceed (that's a willful mistake of the printer; we wrote *proceed* distinctly and carefully. *We* NEVER *secede.*) To proceed, we have concluded as we observed just now to become Prodig. Mag., which, as you do *not* know, Public, presupposes and indeed necessitates a degree of Virtue hitherto unparalleled in The World. Or even in New Jersey.

Behold the Fact!

We intend hereafter to dispense with the services of a contributor to V. F., and when we say a Contributor we mean an involuntary contributor. And by Involuntary Contributor we mean Mr. GAMES BORDON JENNETT, who has appeared sundry times in this periodical, in various disguises, and to his own advantage. We surrender him unsolicited and in good faith. *Bref*, we are tired of him. He is used up. He is physiologically pestiferous, socially and mentally threadbare and utterly stagnant:—with a green scum over him: two inches thick, and of a disagreeable color. Also he is A. A. (aboriginally abnormal, you know).

Therefore; that is to say, consequently and in consideration of our relation to circumstances in general combined with our Prodigious Magnanimity (before-mentioned) to the Public in particular, we hereby declare emphaticoreligiously and immediately that Mr. JENNETT can no longer contribute, directly or indirectly, to V. F. We've had too much of Mr. JENNETT—can't stand it any longer, can we, public? NOR ANY OTHER MAN!

Therefore this is the end of JENNETT. He shall henceforth be as One Defunct! !

P. S. Except under very aggravating and extraordinary circumstances.

A Happy Removal.

Strangers passing through the City Hall Park in the gloom of the evening, have often experienced fear from the sudden consciousness of a large, dim person about to spring upon them from behind a tree. We are happy at being informed that this cause of alarm, to which, doubtless, many of our nervous and dyspeptic citizens are partially indebted for their afflictions, is about to be removed. The large, dim person referred to, who professes to be the Father of his Country petrified into drabbish stone by some wily sculptor—Thom, we believe—has been bought off from frightening people, by our Aldermen, for a bribe of two thousand dollars. There is a square in front of Tompkins Market—at least a plot of ground so termed, like several other squares in this city, from its being essentially triangular. Into this square it has been decided to insert the obnoxious Pater Patriæ. When this is done, we may "celebrate ourselves," as Whitman says; only let us not be too riotous on the occasion, but act as becomes a moral and religious people. In view of the coming winter, we would suggest to the proper authorities that it might be well to cover up the objectionable petrifaction, when removed, with some thick matting—which might be allowed to remain on when the winter is past, also, in view of the coming summer.

The Spirit of It.

The Charter elections are bringing out the shibboleth of the factions—the war cries and countersigns of the Wards. In one charming locality we observed a rag setting forth that its adherents were "Ready, aye Ready!" though, judging from the symptoms of spurious liquor that greatly abounded on every side, we should have supposed that "Red eye, aye Red eye!" would have been nearer the mark.

Personal.

Advices from Vera Cruz, dated November 7th, state as follows:

"The English Extraordinary arrived last night direct from the capital."

From this we infer that GRANTLEY BERKELEY is again on his travels.

NEW PUBLICATIONS,

Received at the Office of Vanity Fair,

Up to Tuesday, Nov. 27, 1860.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, BOSTON.

FAITHFUL FOREVER: A Poem by Coventry Patmore, author of "The Angel in the House." 1 vol. 12mo. pp 240. For sale in New York by Sheldon & Co.

THE HEROES OF EUROPE: A biographical outline of European History from A. D. 700 to A. D. 1700: By Henry G. Hewlett. 1 vol. 12mo. pp 370. For sale in New York by Sheldon & Co.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD: A Sequel to "School-days at Rugby." By the author of "School-days at Rugby," "Scouring of the White Horse," etc. Part first. 1 vol. 12mo pp 378. For sale in New York by Sheldon & Co.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD, Part XI. Published in monthly parts. Price 12 cents. For sale in New York by Sheldon & Co.

G. G. EVANS, PHILADELPHIA.

THE UNION TEXT BOOK: Containing selections from the writings of Daniel Webster; the Declaration of Independence; the Constitution of the United States, and Washington's Farewell Address. With copious indexes. For the higher class of Educational institutions, and for home reading. 1 vol. 12mo. pp 504. Price $1.

HORACE WATERS, NEW YORK.

OLIVER GALLOP. VIRGINIA POLKA. By Tom the Blind Negro Boy, Pianist.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

RUDD & CARLETON, NEW YORK.

A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS: By J. C Jeaffreyson.

THE CURIOSITIES OF CIVILIZATION. By Andrew Wynter.

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WALKER WISE & CO., BOSTON.

NINETY DAYS IN THE NORTH OF EUROPE: By Rev. E. E. Hale.

LANGDALE: A Story by a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly.

SAWYER'S TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE, OLD TESTAMENT. Volume 1 containing the Hebrew Prophets.

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION OF WOMAN'S RIGHT TO LABOR: Being an autobiographic letter from Dr. Marie Zakrzewska.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, BOSTON.

CONDUCT OF LIFE. By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Uniform with his previous Works. 1 vol. $1. Contents: Fate, Power, Wealth, Culture, Behavior, Worship. Considerations by the Way, Beauty, Illusions.

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NEW STORIES
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